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RETRIBUTION.
BY ADAM PAGE.

This is a beautiful spring evening. The gentle breeze, as they come softly floating by, are fragrant with the perfume of myriad flowers, and vocal with the rich, liquid melody of nature's sweet choristers—the beautiful, innocent birds; each seeming to vie with the others in pouring forth the tribute of music, to the soft, ethereal evening. The God of day has driven hard his fiery chariot, for twelve long hours, and is now about to draw around him the drapery of twilight and seek his accustomed repose. Sitting here, alone, in a half-pensive reverie, my thoughts borne back on Memory's tide, bring me once more to that "Little School House under the Hill," where first I tasted of the fountain of knowledge—and drinking ever, never thirsted more.

I love to think of those happy days of innocence when the heart knew no care, conscience no sin, where the world was a garden filled with richest and rarest flowers; and life seen through the glass of childhood hope, was a journey down the banks of a soft, rippling, gentle-murmuring stream, where gayest and happiest birds ever caroled their sweet songs and made the flowery groves resound with their ecstatic harmony. Happy! thrice happy childhood! How fondly memory loves to linger around each familiar scene, clothing it in a halo of pensive joy, akin to sadness!

That old homely school house, with its rugged walls and ruder desks, is dearer far to my heart than any of the modern innovations of cloud-reaching, spire-capped seminaries, with their whitewashed walls and faultless furniture. There is a charm, indescribable, but O, so holy and so rapturous, in the times and scenes of bygone years. Show me the man whose bosom does not swell, and whose eyes do not moisten, at the thought of his boyhood days—those calm, pure, spring-like hours—and I will show you a living, moving, breathing argument in favor of Darwinism.

From among the many incidents of my schoolboy days that are now crowding through my memory, I shall, with your permission, gentle reader, select and lay before you one that now, as I think of it, forces a smile quiet and gentle as an ocean ripple upon my face, in spite of myself, and though it may no longer give you any new insight into Western schools of yore, it is a pleasant one.

Upon the hill above the school house, lived an elderly widow whose sole earthly possessions were a half dozen boxwood girls and about a dozen geese. Said geese were the pet of the school; they were geese-like into everything that was necessary or proper for them to be out of, and never could be confined in the limits of this side of eternity. How the Romans ever could hold the geese sacred, is something that has puzzled me considerably, for if there is a thing in the world that would make a man swear away his portion of eternal salvation and destroy all belief in an overruling Providence, geese can do it. I suppose we must admit that all things are for a purpose, but I must confess I never could get at the aim and object of the creation of geese, without it being to try the piety of deacons when they get into their gardens. I don't expect there ever was a Christian that spoke his thoughts, freely, of geese, without taking particular notice that no one was present. The first mention we have of geese, in history, is at the storming of Rome by the Vandals. They must have been invented but a short time prior to that, or at least after Job's day and time, or our grandmothers would have filled our wondrous minds with visions of somebody else as the most patient man. I would like to express myself fully upon this subject, but it's no use to try; geese won't be taken into consideration when language was invented. But I have digressed. To say we schoolboys hated those geese, would be a shadow of our feelings, and we never let an opportunity of giving a practical turn to our malice go unimproved. Poor things! I reckon they never could imagine why they were so sorely persecuted. As a matter of course, once and awhile one would come upon missing at picking time, but no one ever knew anything of it when called on to testify; for the old lady always laid in complaints to the teacher, but never could collect evidence sufficient to justify a prosecution, till one day, eight or ten of us nine years men, took it into our heads to clean out the entire flock at one grand swoop. Everything in readiness, at noon recess, we slipped out and struck off in the direction where the geese usually retired to rest after get-

ting through loitering us. We hadn't gone far when we came upon an old gander, and I, being foremost, dispatched him quicker than it takes to tell it, and had just shouldered him, preparatory to putting him *below* suspicion, when the widow herself unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Then you ought to have seen me throw that *son of a gun*, and cut dirt for the schoolhouse, followed by all the boys, the old lady bringing up the rear. We had just got a scolding for being out so long, and had taken our seats, trying to look as unconcerned and comfortable as a jealous lover, and succeeding just about as well, when the lady made her appearance, bringing with her this time evidence sufficient to convict *immediately*. But we comforted ourselves with the reflection that we could be true to each other all would be well. Hops, that bright flower that blooms in the darker hours of life, which grows brighter and more distinct as the darkness, cheered us though the tide was against us.

The widow laid in complaints, recognized every one of us, but could not select the one that had the goose; produced the goose for evidence, and then pleaded frequently in behalf of herself and geese. The master looked troubled. He evidently meant business if he could get hold of the right one. The plaintiff and prosecuting attorney specified the culprit, and the Judge and jury (teacher) called as out. We all went as orderly as possible. He began by asking each one, individually, if he killed the goose, each one answered in the negative, and proved by all the rest that he testified truly, until he came to me; I was at the foot of the row. I had listened feelingly to his eloquent apostrophe to truth, to the beauty and purity of manly honor, as contrasted with dishonor, lying and the usual appendages he is assured of those whose lots are cast in hotter state than ours. This lecture was delivered to each one, and all the while a briny drop would course down my cheek, for some one would tell on me; but my master gave them another interpretation. Turning to me and noticing my evident repentant look, he placed his hand upon my head and spoke quite tenderly: "Adam, my boy, I believe you to be a truthful, a good boy. I have always found you so, and though you may occasionally lie, in the impulse of the moment, he led off from the path of rectitude, yet when you are made to think soberly, you will turn from your error and ever after guard against it." How my heart bounded at his words, but he continued, "Now, Adam, I'm going to ask you a question, a hard one, perhaps, but the only safe way out of a difficulty, Adam, is along the path of honor, and O, you surely would not add deception to crime." I was visibly affected. "Now, Adam, did you kill that old lady's goose?" "No, sir," rang out full and free upon the evening air. The teacher was somewhat startled, but said feelingly, "I believe you, sir. He told us he would study on the matter until afternoon recess, and dismissed us. We knew perfectly well how he would attempt to work us that evening, and we prepared ourselves accordingly. Immediately after books were resumed, we were again called upon the floor. The teacher told us that in the interim he had discovered the guilty party, and that he was going to whip him at once, looking us all in the eye at the same time as near as possible, he raised his switch, as if to strike; but we had seen that trick before and knew now to him that dodged, and we stood firm as young Gibralters. I could almost have pitied the look of disappointment and defeat upon the poor teacher's face, but I knew he was trying to deceive us, and what was fair for him was fair for us. Teachers commit a great blunder by attempting to deceive pupils in order to extort confession. It begets dislike, distrust, and destroys all the moral (?) force of the teacher. The teacher concluded to try once more. Again the threat was repeated, and this time quick as lightning rose that potent instrument of yore, the "rod"—the high—just as it had reached its ultimatum, some one put about three quarters of a centime note between my shoulders—I ducked! and down like hail rattled the cruel, hard blows upon my poor devoted—ahem! I had no time for explanations, and after it was over, I dared not tell the teacher of his error, for he never would suffer his labors criticized. So, sadly and sorrowfully I bore the drubbing, and my wounds and nods, jeers and smirks of my more fortunate companions in guilt. I knew who had struck me, but did not betray the fact. Silently and sorrowfully I meditated revenge. At last a happy idea struck me, and in about a week after I had forgotten this event in remembering others more closely connected with self, I found a chance to unfold my plan and get assistance. One day all the boys in my spelling class had got punished in some way but Charlie B.—, the boy who caused me that awful whipping. So at noon recess I got all the other boys of the class together, and told them my plan to get Charlie whipped too. It met their approval and matters were fully ar-

ranged. We then went to Charlie, told him we had some fun up for the evening. We wanted him to "chase the fox" that evening while we all spelled for him. Perhaps it is necessary to explain that in the West a few years ago, most schools were what is, or were, called "spelling-out schools," that is, all lessons were studied (?) to the top of the voice; brains, throat lungs, legs and arms all performed their part in the "educational world" in that part of the country then. When we told him the girls would be close to hear him, he consented. At "books" we took our seats upon a bench—half of a chestnut sapling mounted upon four legs—and Charlie in the middle at a respectful distance from the teacher. We soon began the spelling at the top of our voices, keeping time in musical precision—so much so that we all pronounced the same letters at the same time. Charlie soon joined in with a perfect chorus of bounds. He barked loud and cheerily—perfectly available to us, but our voices so intermingled with his that the teacher could not detect it. We had often done the same thing before, but we went at this with renewed energy. The "Master" was surprised and gratified at our sudden thirst for knowledge. The whole school almost stopped to listen. On we went, louder and faster, Charlie keeping up almost as fast as we could. The middle of the fifth column is reached! The middle word spelled! and all is still as death! "How-wow-wow-wow-wow—uh!" roared the affrighted Charlie before he could comprehend the situation. It is needless to give particulars further, suffice it to say that my revenge was complete, and somebody else got whined and jeered at that evening.

Though it has not been so very long since the above scene occurred, things have changed. In the interim, time, that invisible embodiment of a stem-winding watch and mowing machine, has strangely shuffled the cards, and Fate has dealt us diversified hands in the game of life.

Some of those who acted in this little drama, have, by patience and perseverance, arisen to rank and fame; others have sunk to infamy and disgrace; while others yet have kept "the noiseless throne of their way," phobing about the middle thoroughfare of life, that happy position free from the dread and anxiety that follow in the wake of fortune or fame, and from the fears and privations of want and vice; and some have passed away. Passed away? No, never! Though their forms will never again gladden our eyes, though the places that knew them here know them no more; though the soft breezes, this evening, are gently fanning the modest violets that bloom in silent beauty over their mouldering forms; yet they are not dead, but live in our heart of hearts for ever! True friendship never dies; and I though broken here by the cold icy fingers of relentless death, far up "in that land that is fairer than day," where the rainbow tints never fade, and where the bright visions of the wildest hope are realized, there it is renewed, to grow stronger, purer and holier throughout the endless cycles of eternity!

* NOTE.—I forbid any person or persons using this phrase without permission of the proprietor. A copy right is applied for, and all infringements will be pushed to the extent of the law.

THAT was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a certain famous statesman, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters of introduction to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman in wonder and surprise. "Not one single glass of wine!" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, and endeavored to press it upon him. "No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that—a poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady! "No," said the noble young man—and his voice trembled a little and his cheeks flushed—"I never drink wine; but—here he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer—"if you've got a little good old Irish whiskey, I don't mind trying a glass."

RECENTLY a young man who was attending a night writing-school near Danville, Ohio, was smitten by the charms of a lady who was present, and at the close of the school hurried forward to seek the pleasure of securing her home. "Yes," said the lady, "if you will carry my baby." He wilted, and the young matron walked home alone.

A Georgia paper announces that twenty men are to be hanged in that State within two months.

DEPPEN'S
CLOTHING HOUSE,
Corner Fourth and Market Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.
FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT on First Floor.
Four Cutters in the Custom Department.
Special Attention Paid to Orders from the Country.

For The Interior Journal.
WINTER EVENINGS WITH
THE IMMORTAL BARD.
BY ZEPHYRUS MEER.
NUMBER 2
"MERRY WIVES OF WINCHESTER."

The variety of scene and incident in this play, and the great number and diversity of characters, preclude any attempt at an elaborate review of it. We can only express our views of it by some general remarks. Its object would seem to be, like that of the great work of Cervantes, to satirize human nature in general. Every important character in the play is made the victim of deception and disappointment. The two classes represented are mutually foiled in their attempts upon each other. Falstaff is made completely a victim; Page and his wife are both deceived, in their attempts to deceive each other, by a third party, the only successful character in the play: Sir Hugh Evans, is sent to the wrong place, to fight a duel, which duel never takes place; his antagonist is in the same predicament; mine host has his horse stolen; and Slender, as he is relating how he was about to marry a great lubberly boy instead of Anne Page, is interrupted by Calio, who had been even worse treated, for he had undergone the ceremony of wedlock with an unicorn.

The characters in the play are distinctly and clearly drawn. There is no mistake upon for another, however similar they may be. The folly of Page and his wife, the silliness of Slender, and the empty-headedness of Shallow are plainly distinguished.

But Falstaff is the best delineated character of the play, as well as the man of most weight in the story. He is the principal, the centre of gravity, around which revolve all manner luminaries. He is the representative of the higher class of society, and the burghers, albeit they may be, are yet evidently flattered by the notice of a Knight. Sensuality is his principle trait; he is a worldly good-natured, benevolent, a loud boaster and a jolly boon companion. He is not at all depraved, but he makes everything yield to his appetites, and shrinks neither from risks and danger to gratify them. He has no conscience and no belief in practical virtue; he knows his own faults and ridicules them as freely as those of others. He is by no means deficient in sagacity, yet his passions blind him so that he cannot see the tools set for him. It is only at the middle of the last scene that he "begins to see that he has been made an ass." It was his misfortune to be born three hundred years too late. At an earlier period, he would have been much more respectable, but Knights were at a discount in his day.

The other characters are of less importance. Sir Hugh Evans is dull and pedantic, besides having some very unclerical notions in regard to fighting. Anne Page seems to have been, for the age, a very model of a maiden, and like most of her sex, loved to have her own way. Fenton is in the back ground until the end of the play. His business is to come forward at the proper time and marry Anne Page, and he does it. Slender and Shallow, we have mentioned, they answer well to their names. Mine host of the Garter is a babbling old landlord, who is familiar with everybody; his spirit depends upon the success of his business.

One thing noticeable in this play is, that there is not an elevated character in it. This should be so—for the object being to satirize human nature, there was no need for such a character—in fact, he would have spoiled the whole.

FREAKS OF NATURE.

The *Jessamine Journal* contains the following: A middle-aged negro, of this county, who is as black as ebony, has one white hand and forearm, the result of the gradual absorption of the pigmentum nigrum in the affected member. Why the colored matter has been absorbed is an unsolved mystery to professional as well as unprofessional observers. Such freaks of nature are extremely rare, and we do not pretend to be able to account for them satisfactorily.

We have just come in possession of the following item, and with which we challenge the Press of the State for a better one. There is now on the farm of Mr. Jno. Foley of this county, near Nicholasville, a calf that has three tails. The two extra ones come out at the top of the shoulder blades, and hang on either side of the neck, and are from 12 to 13 inches long.

For The Interior Journal.
TEMPERANCE.
"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." The minds of the people have not been properly worked upon in regard to the evils of intemperance. That it is a curse in the sight of God, as well as the greater portion of mankind—that is, the well-thinking portion, at least—one will deny. That it has been a blighting curse to the better and nobler qualifications of man, and is, today, dragging down into the lowest pit of degradation our most learned and enterprising men, no one will attempt to gainsay. How degrading it is to see a noble, high-minded and well educated person drunk and wallowing in the gutters, or lounging in the dens of iniquity and by-ways of sin. See the blood-shot eyes, the cold, uncertain stare of inebriation, verging on the very brink of insanity. What can be more degrading?

Go look on the records of the insane asylums of the country, there you will find enrolled upon their pages thousands upon thousands of names, of both sexes; and from all the various walks of life, the cause of which is attributable to the love of the wine cup; first acquired at the family table, then gradually developed in moderate dram-drinking, and at last receive the finishing touch in the lowest and vilest dens of infamy—the bar-room, where night after night are held revels to Bacchus, the sight of which would make the most hardened inebriate blush for shame were he to witness them, when entirely free from the influence of the fatal cup, from thence to the station-house, still on to prison, and finally to be carried to the gallows to die the death of an outcast and murderer. The above picture is not an imaginary or overdrawn one; but on the contrary, from the writers brief, though and experiences, and partly from observation. These and many other facts should make every one against the use and manufacture of this great evil. Drunkenness is a sin in the eyes of Heaven, and imprudent in those of the world.

It has truly been said, that the association in which a person mingles, often leads him to touch and quaff to the dregs the poisoned cup. Why not discard the companionship of those who are daily leading you to your own destruction? Far better that you should eschew society altogether, than have the finger of scorn pointed at you, for allowing yourself to be lowered to equality with the vilest beast of God's creation. Have you not a vague suspicion that there really is a Providence which, sooner or later, even in this world, will return

"The ingredients of the poisoned chalice To your own lips."

It is a false sense of propriety that requires one to indulge in the cup of intoxication at the solicitation of a friend. "We unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth his bottle to him and maketh him drunken also, that they may let go their nakedness."

How sad is it for a mother to see her son, the pride and stay of her life, sunken in the slough of drunkenness, that even his former associates avoid him as being unworthy of their companionship; who but a mother thus bereaved of her first hope, can paint the agony of a mother's heart? Who but a sister who has seen her brother, whom she looked upon with pride and affection, turn away, as it were, descending the path of Intemperance and vice, can imagine a sister's sorrow? With such facts as these before us, enacted in our very eyes, immediately upon our very noses, I cannot imagine why our good-thinking citizens will countenance the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. Christians, honest, well-deserving and law-abiding men, we, the Good Templars, want your hearty support to drive Intemperance from the land, and establish instead a government free from the curse of intoxicating liquors, murders, and all such kindred crimes. The opportunity will, perhaps, be presented to you next August. Then rally around our standard with hearty good cheer.

DON JUAN.

A WOMAN at East Jeffery, N. H., has had an accurate picture of a juniper tree printed on her leg by a flash of lightning. And the editor who chronicled the event has had a lively tale explaining to his wife where he got the item.

The *Purdy Weekly Gazette* is the style of a 24-column paper published in McNairy county by S. G. Barr, and edited by Dr. Daniel Barry. It is the difference between editor and publisher we cannot tell.

A COMPOUND aniline color, called *Blue*, is largely used as a red coloring agent. It contains large quantities of arsenic.

From the "Tuesdays (A. H.) Blade," April 1873.
TWENTY YEARS AGO.
Dedicated to "MY OLD CLASS."

I'm thinking of the by-gone days, When youth's bright dream was o'er, I'm thinking of the olden times, The scenes of happy hours, Of Tasselton's gray plains, The Warrior's num'ring flow, The forms I met, the faces knew, Just twenty years ago.

My fancy still with fondness turns, Wraps by some witching spell, To shaded streets and lovely slopes, And every flowered dell, To tree-crown'd heights and fairy glen, The haunts we used to know, When happy hearts were gay and free, Just twenty years ago.

To all these scenes the wand'ring clings, The life's corroding ache, A deeper deeper impress make, Where'er his home, where'er his lot, In happiness or woe, He'll never forget the home he lov'd, Just twenty years ago.

I'm thinking of the boys again, The boys of olden time, The bright young souls, the faithful friends, The bosoms of our prime. Are any left to greet me now, Or any left to know Of those lov'd friends and brave young hearts Of twenty years ago?

I'm thinking of the girls again, How lovely were those girls! The maid we knew, their sweetly shone, Their hearts as pure as pearls, I wonder if the old town, now, Such grace and beauty show, As that we lov'd when we were boys, Just twenty years ago.

I'm thinking of 'ol' College too, The halls where oft we've hung Upon the verse of the "Little Bee," Where Homer to us sang Achilles' wrath, Apollo's darts Of pestilential war, And Agamemnon's hanguly alien, Just twenty years ago.

Æschylus strikes his Grecian lyre To loud resounding strain, Euripides in sweet tones Drops soft as April rain, Antigone in words of fire, Repeats her tale of woe; The notes are here, the notes I heard Just twenty years ago.

And the old College is gone, they say, A new one in its stead, The Old Doctor, too, we lov'd so well, His long ago been dead, My eyes have long been dry, dear friends, But tears unceasing flow, At thought of him, the dear old man Of twenty years ago.

Farewell to thee, dear Alma Mater, Our mother true and fond, My heart to thee is ever kind In sweet affection's bond; "Thy ancient towers" and gray old walls Long since in dust laid low, Still claim the children's filial love Of twenty years ago.

Accused be the craven hand, Whose touch thy beauty marr'd, And blessings on thy children all Who with thy speller war'd; Whosoever in death's cold sleep they lie, Sweet Spring-time flowers we'll strew Upon the graves of those we lov'd Just twenty years ago.

I'm thinking of our class, to-night, And who are yet alive, And who went down in bloody strife, And who the fight survive—I know they all were brave and true, And ever quick to go Where frown'd the land they lov'd A few short years ago.

Ah! many fell in that dread hour "Of strife and vengeance free, And many kept their young life's blood To check the invader's foe, But yet, I know, in all that band No heart did nobler glow With patriotic fire, than those we knew Just twenty years ago.

And now, dear friends, of other days, Ere time, with hurrying tread, Has brought us to our journey's end, And we are with the dead, God! blessings on the dear old town, The town we used to know, And may we meet with those we lov'd Just twenty years ago.

JOHN F. TARRANT.
Crest Orchard Springs, Ky.

A BABY INTERVIEWED.
TO A LITTLE ONE, JUST A WEEK OLD.

Only a baby, 'bout six hair,
'Cept just a little fussy here and there.

Only a baby, name you have none;
Barfooted and dimpled, sweet little one.

Only a baby, teeth none at all;
What are you good for, only to squall?

Only a baby, just a week old;
What are you here for, you little scold!

Only a baby! what should I be?
Lois 'o' big folks has been little like me.

'Aint do you hair?' 'No! I have two;
'Spendn't I haven't, does it look grow.

Not say tooth—wouldn't have one;
Dun't do my dinner by gnawing a bone.

What am I here for? 'at pretty mean;
What's do a better right, 't ever you seen?

What am I dood for did you say?
Eber so many good thing, every day.

Towee I squall sometimes, sometimes I bawl;
Zey dunnen spank me, 'cause I'm so small.

Only a baby, 'so sir, 'at's no;
'N' if you only could, you'd be one too.

'A' all I have to say, you're 'most too old,
Dun I do too bed, 'at's detest cold.

There is rather a good old story told of a dialogue between a navy and a man who had caught a fifteen-pound pike. Seeing the fish on the bank, the navy wanted to know "What d'ye call that 'ere, mister?" "Pike," answered the angler. "Will 'e bolt, mister?" asked the navy. "Put your finger in his mouth and try," joked the angler. "No, I won't," but I'll put my pup's tail!" retorted the navy, and, snatching the action to the word, he caught up his dog, a large "bull," and proceeded to do as he had said. No sooner was "pup's tail" in the pike's mouth than the jaws closed on it, and away went the dog across the country with the pike after him. "Hallo! I say, you fellow," cried the angry angler, "pull back your dog!" "No, I won't," laughed the navy, "you call back your fish!"

ADD to the sales and taxes paid on spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, the capital invested in buildings and machinery, etc., together with the expense connected directly with the trade, and the last year's business aggregates at least \$1,660,000.

CURTAIN LECTURE.
Out Every Night!

Ever-y night! Here it is half past one o'clock! It's a wonder you come home at all! What—do—you—think—a woman is made for? I do believe if a robber was to come and carry me off you wouldn't care a cent. What is it you say? "City Council business must attend to it!" City Council business! How do I know you go to the City Council? Does the City Council meet ever-y night? They don't meet but once a week—in New York. But I suppose Stanford is a more important place. Oh yes—out ever-y night. Twelve o'clock—one o'clock—two o'clock. Here I stay, with the children, all alone—lying awake half the night waiting for you. Could it come home any sooner? Of course you couldn't, if you did not want to. But I know something; you think I don't, but I do. That I do. I wish I didn't. Where were you Monday night? Tell me that. The Marshal told me the City Council did not meet that night. Now what have you got to say? "Could n't get a quorum!" Well, if you couldn't, why didn't you come home? Out ever-y night—hunting—for—a quorum. But you would not hunt for me this late if I was missing. Where were you on Thursday and Friday nights? There was a show in town wasn't there? Do you always put on your best vest and clean shirt to go to the Council? What did you buy that bottle of hair oil for, and hide it? Oil for your hair, indeed! Who ever heard of hair oil for a whetstone? So you do think I did n't see you in the other room brushing and greasing your hair and looking in the glass at your pretty self? "A man ought to be decent." He ought, ought he? Yes, indeed, a decent man ought to, and a decent man will, stay at home with his wife sometimes—and not be out ever-y night. How comes it that the City Council didn't meet but twice a month last year? "Trying to work it out of debt!" Yes, that's probable—very—laughing and joking, and smoking and snapping lips will work a debt off, won't it? Now—I want to—know—how—much—longer—you—intend—keeping—up—this—night—business? Yes! I want to know. Out ever-y night. City Council, Free Masons, shows, hair oil and its brush, and brush, and brush, until you're nearly wore out the brush and your head too. What is it you say? "It helps your business to keep up your social relations!" Ah, indeed! You've got relations here at home, sir. They need keeping up some I think. What did you say the night at a what party? "Fellers, it's 11 o'clock, but let's stay a while longer—we won't catch it any worse when we get home." A pretty speech for a d-e-c-e-n-t man! "Catch it!" Catch it! Well I intend you shall catch it a little. What's that you say? "If I wouldn't fret so you would stay at home more!" Well, sir, do you stay at home a few nights and try it. Perhaps the fretting would stop. Out ever-y night because I fret you so. What's that, sir? "You know ladies who ain't always scolding their husbands!" You do, do you? How come, you to know them? What business had you to know them? What right have you know whether other women fret or not? That's always the way. You men think all the other women are saints but your wives. Oh, yes—saints—s-a-i-n-t-s. I'll have you to know, sir, that there isn't a woman in this town that's any more of a saint than I am. I know them all sir—a-h-a-p-better than you do. You only see the sugar and honey side of them, and they only see the sugar and honey side of you. Now, sir, I just want you to know that if you don't stay at home more than you do, I'll leave these children to get burnt up, and I'll go out ever-y night. When a poor woman gets desperate, why, sir, she is—desperate, that all—and don't speak to me any more this evening, either.

100 Barrels
White Wheat Flour;
Just Received by
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

20,000 lbs BACON,
For Sale in Quantities to Suit Purchasers.
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

2,000 lbs Choice Lard
In Store and for sale by
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

25
Bbls Prime N.O. Sugar
At Wholesale Low Prices.
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

THE
Largest and Cheapest
LOT OF
Mackerel & Herring
—AT—
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO'S.

The Largest Lot
—OF—
Pocket & Table Cutlery
Handsome and Substantial, at
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO'S.

WANTED
WOOL AND BACON!
For which we are prepared to pay the very
Highest Market Price.
In Cash or Merchandise.

In addition to our large stock of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, RICE, and other Family Supplies, we have added to our stock a large variety of
Domestic Goods,
JEANS, LINSEYS, NOTIONS,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Etc.
Especially for the West and South Trade, which we prepare to sell at
GROCERY PROFITS
(An exceedingly small per cent. above first cost.)

For Cheap Groceries, wholesale or retail, or send, that we cannot be excelled in Central Kentucky.
We mean what we say. Come and see for yourself.
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

Beautiful Building Lot
FOR SALE!
I HAVE a beautiful building lot, about 10 Acres, situated on the beautiful Kentucky river, in the suburbs of Louisville, the best situated, and long in any all most that I know of.

For further information call at my office.
J. S. COOPER.

STANFORD
MALE SEMINARY
THE MEMBERSHIP OF THIS SCHOOL WILL
fill again, for boys and young men, Monday, April 7th, 1873, and continue three months.

TERMS:
Primary class..... \$5 50
Intermediate class..... 10 00
Senior class..... 15 00
(Containing Fee for each Scholar per month)
JOHN W. FAINE, Jr.
Stanford, Ky April 4, 1873. Principal

H. T. HARRIS,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS,
FINE SILK GOODS,
FANCY DRESS TRIMMINGS,
HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hardware,
Queenware, and Groceries.
Deals in Provisions.
Pays the Highest Market Price for
Produce.
SHELBY CITY, BOYLE COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Mr. J. M. Harp has charge of the business of the house, and will be pleased to have his friends of Louisville and Boyle give him a call.

New Shoeing Shop,
MAIN STREET,
STANFORD, KY.

I HAVE leased the shop of Mr. J. B. Sheld, and furnished it with all the best approved tools and machinery. I am prepared to do any

Plain and Fancy Horse-shoeing in the city and county, and at the VERY LOWEST PRICES. I have determined to use only the best material, and to give my customers the best of my skill, and to give them the best of my service. While I shall make plain and fancy shoeing a specialty, I will also do all kinds of repairing, and will duplicate the pattern of any good workman. I intend to try to do it to the satisfaction of all, and to give them the best of my service, and to give them the best of my service.

ADD to the sales and taxes paid on spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, the capital invested in buildings and machinery, etc., together with the expense connected directly with the trade, and the last year's business aggregates at least \$1,660,000.

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On Parting the Hair.

If there be anything upon which the gods look down with disgust, it is the spectacle of an able-bodied young man parting his anachronical locks in the middle. These divinites are charitable towards that part that swings a lambo cane, disports a brass slug, a pinkbeak watch-chain, or a resplendent paste diamond, but they avert their benignant faces and draw together their celestial eyebrows, and their divine stomachs grow queasy, when that sight of transcendent silliness—a human being ploughing a furrow through the center of his head—is presented to their vision. Respectable mortals are also assailed by such puppyism, such poodle-doghood. Its indices are unfailing. When a rut is cut through the center of the noddle, the vacuum beneath seldom ferments with the rising principles of life—brains. No brain can stand the wear and tear of such cerebral agriculture.

When you see the hair pitched up and gummed close to the sides of the head, and rest your eye upon the loathsome trench, set down the owner for a sloppily-fishy, empty-pated, purposeless ninny-hammer; a mere piece of human jelly, a floating oyster, pulpy and tasteless, just languid and listless enough to keep the trench from being filled up. The stomach of human society is strong as that of the casowary—but not strong enough to digest the parting-the-hair-in-the-middle nuisance. It acts like Don Quixote's Balaam. It is a perpetual mustard plaster, a peripetetic puke.

When you see a fellow that splits his ringlets by the rule of three, and makes a proportion for exact distances when he combs his cranium, you can search his pockets and not be lulled for robbery. A mortal affluent enough for this diversion has no need for money. He would sacrifice a thousand dollars for his father rather than one particular hair should struggle from its file. You may pinch his ear, twerk his nose, and tramp on his corn—he can't fight, it would ruin his ringlets, and dam up the mathematical continuity of the labored groove chiseled through chunks of hair's oil and decayed odors of castile soap, tobacco-smoke, and cinnamon drops.

Young man, eschew this stupid offensiveness. Rather than part your hair in the middle, cut it off and sell it to make bed clothes for young wood-peckers, leave it by the year for rat-bats, plant it in spring peas or Early York cabbage, and take in bed-bugs to graze at a nickel a head. Rather than part it in the middle, let it grow unkempt and matted, and fill it with corn or fishing-worms, and let your mother's hens and chickens scratch in it for a livable crust.—*Bacon's Co. Chronicle.*

Cultivation of Corn.

One of the principal causes of poor crops of corn is the neglect or delay in giving it the first working. The hurry and anxiety to put in the cotton frequently causes the corn to be neglected until it receives an injury from which it never recovers. When the third and fourth blades appear the blow should run around it running as close as possible to the plants without covering them and running as deeply as possible. They should be plowed deeply so that the lateral roots which extend very rapidly may find a loose and fine bed to feed in. As the plants grow and the roots extend the plowing should be shallow until a sweep should be the only implement used. The hoe force should immediately follow the plow, thinning to a stand, and drawing soil earth to the young plants not leaving a single weed, blade of grass, or superfluous plant to rob the crop of a particle of the nutriment which belongs to the crops. Nothing should interfere its thorough performance. It was properly attended to we should hear of few crops of five or six bushels to the acre even on what we call our poor lands.—*Southern Farm Home.*

Information Wanted.

Albert Shindelbower, 12 years old, a son of Wm. Shindelbower, of Nicholasville, left his father's house Tuesday morning, 16th of April, and has not since been heard of. Had on at the time he left, a blue cloth cap, plaid pants, and gray jeans roundabout. He has a small, dark, hazel eye, and looks a little down when spoken to. Any information will be thankfully received by his anxious parents.

Papers throughout the State by copying the above, will confer a favor upon a grieving and anxious family.—*Jeannine Journal.*

File Your Paper.

As a exchange well says it is worth while to save your home paper and have it bound. A few years will make it the most instructive and entertaining volume you can possess. All the laws of association make it more or less a history of yourself and friends. Names, dates, facts, are preserved for you in the most accessible manner. Over it you may cry at your mistakes, laugh at your follies, and rejoice in the view of those steps that have led you to prosperity. It recounts the history of a town, and this is but an epitome of universal history.

Meads Crab.

Cut a slice of cheese, rather thin, but of good size, and wash it up with a fork to a powder, mix up with it a teaspoonful of mustard, the same of vinegar, pepper and salt to taste.

It is the general impression in the South that the incoming cotton crop will be the most valuable ever raised in the United States, aggregating \$350,000,000, of which \$25,000,000 will go the speculators.

TOBACCO ANTIDOTE.

"Without Money and Without Price."

We see thousands whose will is paralyzed by tobacco, who struggle to be free but give up in despair. They need an antidote for an insatiable appetite.

To such as are utterly stupefied by the drug, and such as revel in saliva and smoke—glorying in their shame—we make no appeal; but to such as "groan," being in bondage, "longing to be free, we say, "Here is our antidote, friend, try it. We ask nothing for it."

Make the most of your will. Drop tobacco, and resolve never to use it again in any form.

Go to an apothecary shop, and buy ten cents worth of gentian root, coarsely ground.

Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of fine-cut or cavendish.

Chew it well and swallow all the saliva.

Continue this a few weeks, and you will come off conqueror. Then thank God for freedom.

REASON.

1. Gentian root is a tonic, bitter in taste, and will do much to neutralize and allay your taste for tobacco.

2. Gentian is a nerve. It will brace up your relaxed nerves, and save you from the "awful goodness" under which you agonize.

3. Gentian, for a short time, is an innocent substitute for the quid or pipe. It employs the mouth, beguiles attention, and gives a helping hand to the drowning man.

Abduction and Desertion.

A respectable old farmer, Joe. Owens, from Norris City, White county, Ill., was in our city on last Wednesday, in search of his daughter, Joan Owens, a young girl not quite 14 years old, who, he said, had been induced to run off with a neighbor named Russell Jones, alias Hicks, who had left a wife and three children. Jones is about 25 years of age, and he had coaxed the girl to desert her home, while on her way to school, leaving without any clothing, save what she had upon her person at the time. The seducer, Jones, had but little money at the time—the couple having walked nearly the entire distance. The distressed father learned that his erring child was seen in this city on Friday, 23d ultimo, but can trace her no further. In company with the police he visited Grace Howard's bawdy, but could learn nothing of his child. The scoundrel, Jones, should be sent to the penitentiary for life, if caught. No punishment is too severe for such a vile villain.—*Henderson News.*

Young ladies now at school, who expect to make their living by school-teaching, are advised to study the following report from Maine, which may stand for every other State in the Union: "The weekly wages of female teachers in the State is \$3.50. Now, if a female teacher instruct both summer and winter, the twenty weeks of the school year, she will receive the magnificent sum of \$72. That is, if a young woman come into Maine to teach for a living, each year she will get \$72 and her board for twenty weeks, and for the remaining thirty-two weeks she must pay \$24.24, the average teacher's board being \$2.32 per week. She will, then, at the end of the year, be in debt \$24.24, without paying one cent for culture, clothing or comfort."

A CASE which is likely to call forth all the emotional resources of a French jury is told as follows. A young man, having accepted a challenge from a noted duelist, goes home and tells his mother about it. The good lady rushes off distracted, to the house of the duelist, whom she finds practicing with a pistol in his garden, and what is worse, hitting the mark every time. She implores his mercy, but is coldly repulsed by the marksman, who declares his intention to kill her son. Thereupon, in her wrath and terror, the poor woman snatches up a pistol and shoots the duelist dead. The chances are that she will be acquitted, and indeed, it is difficult to imagine any case which offers more genuine extenuation. A jury of mothers, at least, would not deliberate upon her verdict.

One inch of rain fall distributes one hundred tons of water over an acre of ground. A suggestive fact, in a mechanical as well as an agricultural point of view.

SOME of the farmers of Warren county are claiming twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, from the growing crop.

What is that which is full of knots, which no one can untie, and in which no one can find another? A cord of wool.

SOME people say that dark-haired girls marry first. We differ—it's the light-headed ones.

Why is South Carolina like a piano? Because the darkness (dark keys) are white.

STANFORD WOOLLEN MILL!
Highest Market Price Paid for Wool!
HAYING and the above Mill, we are now prepared to manufacture wool for the spinner in the best manner. As we shall make a specialty of custom work, we are a trustworthy mill for wool. Wool bought at the market price.

Blankets, Jeans, Rolls, Linsey, Cassimeres, Stocking Yarns, Flannels, Etc.
We will keep constantly on hand a stock of goods, which we will exchange for wool on favorable terms. Wool bought at the market price.

Prices for Manufacturing:
1100 Wools to Machine Spun of Yarn.
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STANFORD CARRIAGE FACTORY, WEST END MAIN STREET, KENTUCKY.

HAVING rented the Carriage Shop formerly occupied by Dennis & Clark, I am prepared to build to order and will keep constantly on hand every variety of VEHICLE in the CARRIAGE LINE and will sell them as LOW as the same can be bought elsewhere.

Particular attention paid to the REPAIRING and REFITTING of all kinds of vehicles.

Having secured the services of Mr. J. W. COOK, a No. 1 painter, I am determined to do good work in all the departments.

Mr. J. B. DENNIS will remain with me for the present, where he would be glad to see his old friends and patrons.

G. H. ENSSEL, SOMERSET, KY., DEALER IN

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, JEWELRY,

The Greatest Variety of Notions, Ribbons, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Tinware, GLASSWARE and HARDWARE.

A Choice Lot of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY.

And in fact every article generally found in first-class Country Stores including

Family Groceries,

OF the best brands and qualities, which he proposes to sell at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Having extraordinary facilities and advantages over many other merchants in obtaining Goods at LOW PRICES, and continually receiving for the purpose of keeping up his general stock, he is enabled to sell for less than any other house. HIGHEST PRICES for produce, which he will cheerfully do, feeling the greatest interest in encouraging and protecting the farmers and their wives and daughters in home manufactures.

He will at all times of the year exchange Goods for the following articles:

FEATHERS, COTTON, WOOL, WOOLEN SOCKS, FLAX LINEN, DRIED FRUIT, BEES-WAX, FLAX-SEED, BACON, JEANS, TOW LINEN, FLOUR, TALLOW, BEANS, LARD, LINSEY, MEAL, Etc., Etc.

Returning many thanks for past favors, I solicit a continuation of your patronage.

NEW FIRM

PENDLETON & HOCKER,

GROCERIES, Hardware, Produce, Boots, Shoes, NOTIONS, Confectioneries, TIN-WARE, Hollow-ware, Stoves, Iron, Horse Shoes, Steel, Nails, Bolts, etc.

HAVING recently formed a partnership with the determination to keep a full line of staple goods at the lowest prices, and to sell them at close figures. We wish the patronage of all who are in the habit of trading with us.

First Monday in March, 1873,

Library Gift Concert.

A FULL DRAWING CERTAIN.

\$300,000 IN BANK TO PAY GIFTS!

10,000 Cash Gifts Paid in Full.

\$100,000 FOR ONLY \$10.

INDEMNITY OF THE 100,000 tickets issued for the Public Library Gift Concert, in aid of the Public Library of the City of Louisville, Ky., is now being drawn.

On which day, and no other, they will positively and unconditionally take place in Public Library Hall, Louisville, Kentucky.

At this great concert the following cash gifts will be distributed by lot and paid in full to the ticket-holders who draw them:

LIST OF GIFTS:

One Grand Cash Gift of \$100,000

One Grand Cash Gift of \$50,000

One Grand Cash Gift of \$25,000

One Grand Cash Gift of \$10,000

One Grand Cash Gift of \$5,000

One Grand Cash Gift of \$2,500

One Grand Cash Gift of \$1,000

One Grand Cash Gift of \$500

One Grand Cash Gift of \$250

One Grand Cash Gift of \$100

One Grand Cash Gift of \$50

One Grand Cash Gift of \$25

One Grand Cash Gift of \$10

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

SEVERANCE, MILLER & CO.'S,
North Side Main Street, Stanford, Ky.

We have now in store one of the largest stocks of goods ever brought to Central Kentucky. Our stock of

DRESS GOODS,

Japanese Silks, Japanese Poplins, Linen Suitings, White and Colored Peques, etc., is unusually attractive. In Black and Colored Alpaca, all new and popular, we are prepared to offer very decided advantages.

Domestics and White Goods.

Bleached and Brown Cottons, all widths and qualities; Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Marseilles Quilts, Hamkerchiefs, Laces, Edgings, Hosiery, etc.

Carpetings,

Mattings, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Wall Paper, Window Shades, etc., in great variety.

Furnishing Goods.

Cloths, Casementers, Vestings, Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Collars, the most complete assortment of Fashionable Hosiery, Neckties, etc., to be found in the city.

Boots and Shoes,

For Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children, a large and complete stock.

Queensware,

China-Ten Sets, Ironstone Sets, White and Gold-hand China Sets, Glassware, etc.

Special Notice.

Ladies will find our stock of Mourning Goods, Crapes Collars, Veils, Silk Ties, Fichus, Linen and Lace Collars, etc., are unusually attractive.

RECEIPTS

SOUTHERN

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Kentucky,

AVERAGE NOW

OVER \$1,000 PER DAY.

FOR SALE

EXCHANGE!!

I WILL offer my residence and store-house, in the town of Louisville, Kentucky, for sale, on reasonable terms for cash, or will exchange for a small farm in a good locality. Said residence contains six rooms, bath and porch. There is a stable, corn-crib, hen-house, etc., all in good repair. A good garden, and a water-cistern. The house is large and will be sold for two or three thousand dollars. For further particulars call on or address me at 115 Madison office, Louisville, Ky.

1873. 1873.

SPRING STYLES

Gentlemen's Clothing.

SAM. N. MATHENY

Cloths, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS.

FARM FOR SALE.

A 1/2 acre of land, situated in the town of Louisville, Kentucky, for sale, on reasonable terms for cash, or will exchange for a small farm in a good locality. Said residence contains six rooms, bath and porch. There is a stable, corn-crib, hen-house, etc., all in good repair. A good garden, and a water-cistern. The house is large and will be sold for two or three thousand dollars. For further particulars call on or address me at 115 Madison office, Louisville, Ky.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVER

WARE.

GO TO THE TRADE PALACE FOR NEW SPRING GOODS.

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PORCH & COOKE,

Importers and Jobbers in

Dry Goods and Notions,

201 Main Street, Between Fifth and Sixth, Louisville, Kentucky.

GEO. C. McGRATH, J. H. MASONHIMER, R. E. SEWELL.

McGRATH, SEWELL & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

78 Fourth Street, Marble Front, Louisville, Kentucky.

Our SPRING STOCK, which embraces one of the most elegant assortments of Spring Over-Coatings, Suitings, Vestings, &c., ever brought to the west, will be fully opened by March 1st. Style of cut and fit guaranteed to be of the highest order.

MOZART CORNER,

Louisville, Kentucky.

KIRTLAND & BLANCHARD,

Mozart Corner, 4th and Jefferson streets, Louisville, Ky.

This house can furnish everything in the clothing line for Men, Boys and Children at

VERY LOW FIGURES.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in Great Variety.

Cheap Shirts Made to Order.

SWINE BREEDING.

I desire to call the attention of farmers in Lincoln, Hampshire, Poland, and High-bone China Hogs. I am now the owner of the celebrated herd of Lincoln, Hampshire, Poland, and High-bone China Hogs in the State, and also of "Lincoln," a Poland and High-bone China Hog. They will be sent to any one who will send to Miller & Co., Louisville, Ky.

RAILROADS.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

KNOWLEDGE BRANCH.

STANFORD.

Louisville and Richmond Junction.

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